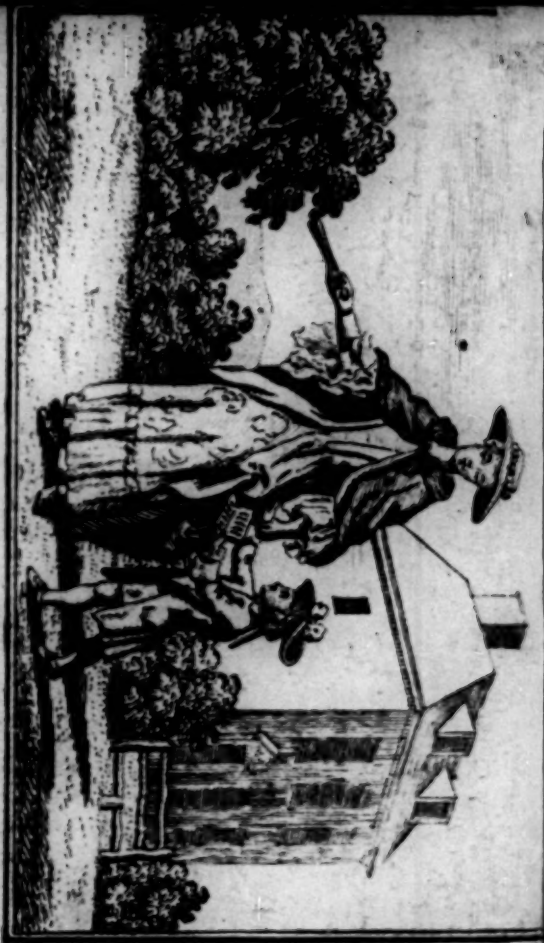


*The Valentines.*



*The Valentines.*

T H E  
VALENTINE's GIFT:

O R,

A PLAN to enable CHILDREN  
of all SIZES and DENOMINATIONS

To behave with

HONOUR, INTEGRITY, and HUMANITY.

Very necessary in a Trading Nation.

To which is added,

Some Account of OLD ZIGZAG, and of  
the Horn which he used to understand  
the Language of *Birds, Beasts, Fishes,*  
and *Insects.*

---

*The LORD who made thee, made the Crea-  
tures also; thou shalt be merciful and kind  
unto them, for they are thy Fellow-Te-  
nants of the Globe.* ZOROASTER.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CARNAN and F. NEWBERRY, Junr.  
at Number 65, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCCLXXVII.

[Price SIX-PENCE bound.]

*\* \* The Public are desired to observe,  
that F. Newbery, at the Corner of St. Paul's  
Church-Yard and Ludgate-Street, has not  
the least Concern in any of the late Mr.  
JOHN NEWBERY's Entertaining Books for  
Children; and, to prevent having paltry  
Compilations obtruded on them, instead of  
Mr. John Newbery's useful Publications,  
they are desired to be particularly careful  
to apply for them to T. CARNAN and  
F. NEWBERY, Jun. (Successors to the late  
Mr. John Newbery) at Number 65, near  
the Bar in St. Paul's Church-Yard.*





T O

All those who are Good,

O R

Intend to be Good,

T H I S B O O K

I S I N S C R I B E D,

By their OLD FRIEND

In St. Paul's Church-yard.

20 H T

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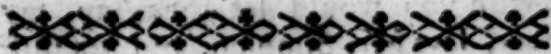
T H E

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**B**UT why must you have a Preface? Directions for the use of this Book would be as unnecessary for the Reader, as Directions for eating an Orange. Let those who are bad become good; and those who are good, better, and the Author's End is answered; for he aims at nothing but the Peace and Happiness of Mankind.



T H E

## Valentine's Gift.

ONE morning I was with Mr. Simpson, talking of the commotions in the State, and lamenting the mischiefs that might ensue from our own ridiculous contentions, and intestine broils, when Mrs. Simpson came in, in a hurry, and looking earnestly at her husband, bless me, said she, what are become of our children? How long they lay in bed this morning! They little think, poor things, that it is Valentine's Day. Go, Sarah, and call them up immediately.

A 3

I wish

I wish you would let them lay, my dear, says Mr. Simpson, and not stuff their heads with such nonsense. Don't tell me, husband, answered she, with some emotion (as my wife, or any other man's wife might do) I don't think it is nonsense; I like these old customs, and would have them kept up. I should like them too, says Mr. Simpson, if they were used according to their original intention. Pray, what was their original intention, says Mrs. Simpson, methinks I should be glad to know? Why then, I will tell you, my dear, says he, but first call down the children; for, perhaps, they may learn something from what I am about to say. Upon this Mrs. Simpson ran up stairs herself, and soon brought down with her, Dicky and Tommy, and Sally and Polly, and see here they are:

My



My dear children, says Mrs. Simpson, how long you have lain in bed this morning; you little think that it is Valentine's Day, and that they are all expecting you at Mr. Salmon's, Mr. Thomson's, and Mr. Smith's. Mamma, shall I have a knot, says Sally. I'll have a red knot, says Tommy. I'll have gloves, mamma, says Dicky; and I'll have money, says the little one.

You see, my dear, says Mr. Simpson, that this good old institution gives place now to nothing but frippery ; whereas for many centuries it answered a most valuable purpose in life. Mrs. Simpson again desired to know, what that was (still stroking up the child's hair, and preparing her for her journey.) Why, says he, if you have read Mr. Newbery's History of the Apostles, Evangelists, and first Fathers of the Church, you will find, that the Christians in those days, had all things in common among them, and that they had frequent meetings, called LOVE-FEASTS, in which all the assembly, gentle and simple, poor and rich, sat down together, and after the repast was over, they enquired into the state of the poor in different parts of the world, went to prayers, sung psalms, and by religious discourses

## The Valentine's Gift, 9

courses strengthened each other in the faith. About the third century, St. Valentine, a pious good man, seeing the benefit that arose to society, from these frequent meetings; (for all vicious inclinations, passion and turbulence, were set aside before they could enter the community,) introduced, as we are told, another practice among the Christians, which was that of chusing a VALENTINE for the year, and, in order to prevent disputes in the choice, the two persons, man and woman, that first saw each other were VALENTINES, if they were Christians, and of good character; and the business of these VALENTINES was to watch over each other's conduct, and to admonish each other freely when any thing was said or done amiss. This, says Mrs. Simpson, might be serviceable to the common people, but how would the  
great

fo      The Valentine's Gift.

great ones bear it from the poor, and especially from their own servants, which might sometimes be the case? No, says Mr. Simpson, they could not have a VALENTINE who was one of their own family, and therefore that was avoided. But I'll tell you a story, my dear.

The king of Blanco, who was a pious good man, died, and left his kingdom to be governed by Isabella, his daughter, an only child; but she was not of the same amiable disposition with her father. The good old king had magnificence and œconomy, without either pride or covetousness; but his daughter had both in abundance; besides which, she was too fond of a man, whom she had made her prime minister, and neglected all those good rules, which were encouraged and practised by the Christians in those days.

It



## The Valentine's Gift.

11

It happened one Valentine's Day in the morning, that not being very well, she arose earlier than usual, and going into an apartment of the palace which was repairing, she saw a mason, in consequence of which he was her VALENTINE for that year, and she his, which was very disagreeable to a princess of her pride and indiscretion,



The mason, however, was never wanting

wanting in his duty, - and informed her of all he saw or heard amiss, either in her conduct, or in the state; and, among other things, he several times put her on her guard against the prime minister, who was a wicked man, and always plotting her ruin.

These admonitions she was obliged to hear, as he was her VALENTINE; yet she generally laughed both at him and them; but one day, he having got intelligence, that an insurrection was intended, and that she was to be murdered in the confusion; he came to her, and told her, if she would listen to him for ten minutes, he would never trouble her any more. The princess consented, and he disclosed to her the whole affair, and that she might be thoroughly convinced, placed her concealed in a part of the wainscot next her prime minister's apartment, where

where she heard (and saw through a small hole) her two principal favourites canvass the whole affair, agree on the manner of her murder, and to a distribution of her riches and power between themselves.

She now thought herself happy in having a VALENTINE, who would favour her escape. The great difficulty was to get her out of the palace privately and unhurt, and this he accomplished by dressing her up in a suit of his own cloaths, which with having on a leathern apron, a basket of tools, and being disguised about the hands and face, she passed with him as an apprentice.

Before she put on this disguise, under pretence of being ill, she told her attendants she would go to bed, and ordered them not to come into her apartment. To prevent which, she,  
as

as they imagined, locked herself in; but she had only placed an image of wax-work in the bed, and then locked the door, and made her escape in the manner already mentioned.

About midnight the rioters broke into the royal apartment, and not doubting, but that it was the princess in bed, rolled up the cloaths, and tied them to smother her, and then threw the whole into a river that ran by the castle wall.

As those who occasion a riot are the best able to quell it, so her two wicked ministers soon quelled the tumult, and then erected a building, or kind of stage, in the principal street, and called the elders and the people of the city to bemoan the loss of the late queen, and to elect another monarch to the throne.

Every body was sorry for the poor queen,

queen, and none seemed more so than the two wretches who had conspired against her; they indeed blubbered upon the stage, when the VALENTINE ascended; and desired permission to speak to the people. When he had obtained leave, he told the citizens, that this insurrection was begun by two men, in whom the princess had placed the utmost confidence, and who now seemed the most sorry for her misfortune; whereas they were the very men who wanted to take her off, in order to share the crown and power between themselves. He also added, that he by accident over-heard them consult this scheme, of which he informed the princess, assisted her to make her escape, and that she was now alive. At this the people gave a great shout, but the two courtiers who were accused, said, that the man  
was

## 16      The Valentine's Gift.

was raving, and his word ought not to be taken. Say you so, says he, then I will call up an evidence you will shudder at; when beckoning with his finger, a person accoutered in a mason's dress ran up the stage, whom he presented to the people, and said, Lo! brother citizens, here is your queen whom I have preserved in this disguise; and turning to the traitors, Here, villains, said he, is your royal mistress, whom you intended to murder. The joy this occasioned was too great to be expressed, but, like other violent emotions, was but of short duration, for after they had demonstrated their affection to their princess, rage and indignation took place against the criminals, who were punished according to their deserts. What that punishment was history does not say, for indeed the whole story was preserved

preserved only to shew the great benefit of having a good VALENTINE.

Well, says Mrs. Simpson, this is extraordinary indeed, but it is what I never heard before. That may be, answered her husband, for I tell you, the original intention and benefit of this custom has been long neglected for frippery and nonsense. But if it could be of use to one of such an exalted station as a princess, how beneficial must it be to private persons? You know Mr. Worthy, my dear, and so do the children too; it is the gentleman that came in his fine coach, and brought you the pretty little books.

B

He



He was once a very naughty boy, and nobody loved him, yet now he is become a very polite fine gentleman, and is admired by every body; and I will tell you how this wonderful change was brought about.

As he on a Valentine's morning went by Sir Rich. Lovewell's crying to school,

«for





(for he did not love his book) lady Lucy happened to look out and see him; dear me, say she, to her maid, I have got a snivelling Valentine this morning; but however run down stairs and call him in, and let me see what I can make of him. When he came in she pulled out her handkerchief, and wiping his blubbered face, asked him

B z

what

what he cried for? He said, they made him go to school, and he did not like to go to school. Oh, says she, that is strange indeed; Come, you are my Valentine now, and we must talk this matter over together; but I am sorry to hear you don't love your book; give me your satchel, and let me see what books you have; then taking him into a closet, where all Mr. Newbery's little books lay in a window; well, says she, see what books I have got. Bless me! says the little boy, I should like such books as these. Here is master Friendly carried in the chair; here is Miss Friendly in the lord-mayor's coach; here is Mrs. Two-and-again, and Lazy Robin, and the House that Jack built! Oh! mame, and here is Mrs. Williams and the Plumb-cake, Trade and Plumb-cake for ever! huzza! O dear! dear! and here

here is Woglog and Tommy Trip upon Joler, and Leo the great Lion, and Miss Biddy Johnson, and Jemmy Gadabout, and Miss Polly Meanwell, and Mr. Little Wit's Cock-Robin, and the Family of the Little Wits is a large Family. Oh, dear! mame, and here is the Cuz in his Cap with his Chqrus, Ba, be, bi; and mame, here is Leap-frog.

*This holds down his head, whilst that springs up high;*

*But then you'll observe he'll leap by and by;  
Just so 'tis at court, to-day you' reinplace;  
To-morrow, perhaps, you are quite in disgrace.*

And here is the Ball and pincushion, to make Miss Polly a good girl, and Master Tommy a good boy; and a Letter from Jack the Giant-killer. Your servant, Mr. Jack the Giant-killer;

and here is a pretty Little Bible; oh, dear! I should love to read in such a Bible as this; and a little Dictionary, mame, the size of a snuff-box. This Dictionary won't come thump against my head like our great one at school; and here is the pretty Little Fables, written by Abraham Æsop, Esq; and Woglog the great Giant.

*The truth I hope you don't dispute,  
When told you by a brother brute.*

And here, mame, is the Pretty Poems for the Children three feet high, that is me, mame, and the Pretty Poems for the Children six feet high, that is you, mame; and here is the history of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

*Who from a state of rags and care,  
And having shoes but half a pair;  
Her fortune and her fame would fix,  
And gallop in her coach and six.*

Hold, hold, where are you going, says  
the

The Valentine's Gift. 23

the lady ; come, I won't have my books tumbled over in this manner ; but if you will promise me to be a good boy, you shall begin with the first of them, and carry away as many as you can read. What, put them in my pocket, mame ? says he. Yes, in your pocket, answered the lady. And keep them, mame ? says he. Yes, and keep them, answered she. Then, says he, I will read all day long, mame ; shall I mame ? Yes, sir, and welcome said the lady. So to it he went, and before dinner he fairly read Nurse Truelove's Christmas-box, or The Golden Play-thing ; The New-year's Gift, or Book of Books for Children ; The Easter-gift, or the Way to be very good ; The Whitsuntide-gift, or the Way to be very happy ; The Fairing, or The Golden Toy for Children.

24      The Valentine's Gift.

*In which you may see all the fun of the  
Fair,*

*And at home be as happy as if you were  
there.*

The Royal Primer and the Lottery-Book, all which he read aloud to Lady Lucy, and put each book in his pocket as soon as it was finished. As dinner was late, she ordered him a dish of chocolate, but he could not spare time to drink it, nor would he sit down to table without a couple of books by him. Upon which, Mr. Johnson, who was there at dinner, asked, what good little boy that was, who was so fond of his book? This, sir, says she, is Master Worthy, and my Valentine. Dick Worthy, says he, why he is the dullest booby in town; he goes by my house crying to school every day, and I am told, cannot learn any thing. Not in those dirty dull  
books,

books, answered the boy; but I can learn any thing in such nice little pretty books as these. Ay, ay, says Lady Lucy, we shall do very well; and before he has been my Valentine a year, he shall read with you for your spectacles, Mr. Johnson, and all the money in your pocket into the bargain. So I will, mame, says Dick; but in starting up hastily, threw a glass off the table, and broke it, which much disconcerted him. Come, don't mind that, says Lady Lucy, it is an accident, and I am not angry with you. After dinner he set to reading again, and fairly carried off two other books before the servant came for him, and then he whispered Lady Lucy, to know if he might come and read again to-morrow. Yes, my dear, says she, every day, if you are good, till you have fairly taken all those books

26      The Valentine's Gift.

books away; but before you go, here is another book I must make you acquainted with; and then pulling one out of her pocket, which was bound in red, and lettered on the back, *The Valentine's Ledger*, she opened it, and wrote on the first leaf, MASTER WORTHY MY VALENTINE, *Debtor*; and on the opposite leaf she wrote, THE SAME GENTLEMAN, *Creditor*: Now, says she, as you are my Valentine, you must be honest and true to me, and tell me every day all the Faults you have been guilty of, and all the good things you have done, that I may put down the faults on the left hand, and the good actions on the right, to see how they balance at the end of the week; and pray don't tell me a lie, for you know it is very wicked to say what is not true; and of all things I hate a liar. Indeed,

- mame,



mame, says he, I will be very good, and tell you all the truth. Then, says she, we will begin to-day, and pray tell me what naughty things you have done. I cried, says he, as I was going to school. Yes, says Lady Lucy, but that was before you was my Valentine, therefore I can take no account of that. Then, says he, I broke the glass, mame. Yes, my dear, says she, but that was an accident, and you could not help it; had you intended to break the glass, or not have moved it out of the way if I had bid you, I should have charged you with it; but as it stands now, it is an accident, and no fault: Then taking her pen, she wrote on the Creditor's side, A GOOD BOY ALL DAY LONG.

There, my dear, says she, I have given you credit for being a good boy all day, and there is nothing on the other

other side against you. Now, I wish we could always carry on our account in this manner. So we will, mame, says he; but he was soon after mistaken; for being in Sir William Tippin's garden, and throwing his ball up against the house, the garden-er forbid him, and told him, by and by he would break the windows; but



not minding what the Gardener said,  
he

he still kept throwing up his ball, till at last it flew in at a sash that was open, and broke a large looking glass. As the gardener did not see it, he went away, and said nothing, but hearing Sir William, when he came home, call to his servant, and charge him with breaking his glass, and threaten to dismiss him his service, he went away immediately to his Valentine, and told her what had happened, that it might be entered in the book; and then begged she would go to Sir William, and carry him all the money he had, and not let the servant be turned away upon his account, for that would be very wicked. Ay, so it would, my dear, says she, you are a good boy for coming so readily to me about it, and I will go to Sir William, and make it up, and you shall go with me; for I dare say, when he sees how well our  
account

30      The Valentine's Gift,

account stands, and knows how good you have been, since you became my Valentine, he will not be angry. So taking the Valentine's Ledger in her hand, away they marched. As soon as they came to the house, Lady Lucy sent in her compliments to Sir William, and desired to speak with him, and begged also, that his lady might be present at the time of their conversation. They were immediately shewn into a parlour, where was Sir William, Lady Tippin, and his sister. Chairs were placed, but Lady Lucy refused to sit down, telling the company that she and her little friend came there as delinquents. We have been so unhappy, Sir William, says she, as to do you an injury, which we could conceal, and the fault might be thrown upon others; but that would be making the crime greater, and offending

God

The Valentine's Gift. 31

God almighty, whose eyes and knows all our actions and designs, we therefore are come generously to acknowledge the injury before it is discovered, and to make all the restitution and satisfaction we are able. There has been a glass broke, Sir William. Ay, the best glass in my study, says he, with some emotion. That I do not doubt, says Lady Lucy; that glass was broke by a ball which accidentally flew in at your window; the ball was our's, and we have a great loss in it. Yes, but the ball will not buy me a glass, says Sir William. Very true, answered the Lady, but the ball is as dear to us, as the glass is to you; and as we don't repine at our misfortune, we hope you will think the less of your's: look, ye, Sir William, this young gentleman is my Valentine, and a better there is not in town, as you may see by this account;

## 32      The Valentine's Gift.

account; (opening the Ledger) now this is the only fault he is chargeable with for almost two months; and during that time you will find there is credit for so many good days, and he has gained, by the dint of his learning, all Mr. Newbery's little books; now he has been so unfortunate, by accidentally throwing his ball in at your study window to break a glass; which fault we hear, has been charged to one of your servants; we cannot bear our faults should be lain upon others, or that you should be injured in your property, without an adequate security and satisfaction: Therefore, first my Valentine offers you all this money, which is nine-pence, and his whole stock, he is come to give you bond for the remainder, and he agrees that you shall keep the ball for a collateral security. The ladies laughing

faid

The Valentine's Gift. 33

said the security was sufficient, and Sir William taking him by the hand, said it was noble in him to confess the truth; and as he had so readily acknowledged the fault, and behaved so well in other respects, he would neither take money nor security; and returned both the nine-pence and the ball again. Sir William laughing, told Lady Lucy, she was a most excellent advocate. Upon which she replied, it was no wonder that she should succeed, when she pleaded the cause of the just: but as this matter has been fairly tried, said she, the obligation ought to be cancelled in court, and, handing the Ledger to Sir William, she desired he would discharge it on the other side; which was done, and witnessed by the ladies. She then shewed it Master Worthy, and told him, that his account stood as clear as C before;

### 34. The Valentine's Gift.

before; you have been guilty of a fault, my dear, says she, in continuing to toss the ball after you were forbid, till you broke the glass; but by your love of truth and good behaviour, the fault is cancelled, and your account now stands as before. After this, Lady Tippin kissed him, and pinned a silver knot in his hat for telling the truth. As he was going away, the footman, who had been charged with the crime, thrust a plumb-cake into his pocket, and the gardener gave him two fine peaches and a nectarine, and all this because he had told the truth.

After this, she kept the account for Master Worthy till he went to the University; during which time he contracted a habit of being good, and habits, you know, are not easily broken; yet he was so far gone at college,



as to be obliged to write to Lady Lucy for the Ledger, who sent it, and desired it might be kept by his tutor; but the young gentleman wrote for answer, that the tutor had enough to do to keep his own Ledger, and could not undertake the care of his; but withal added, that he wished a large Ledger of this kind was kept in the common-room of every college, for all the people, as well fellows as others, to post up their accounts. He managed, however, his own so well himself, that he came off with honour, and has been beloved by the whole country ever since.

But besides this gentleman, Mrs. Longworth, whom you also know, was, from a very naughty girl, made extremely good, by having an account kept for her in this manner by her Valentine, and you see now she is

36      The Valentine's Gift.

the best bred, and the best behaved gentlewoman in the whole parish. See what a delicate curtesy she makes



Therefore, if our children have their Valentine's, my dear, pray let them have Ledger-Books likewise, that a proper account may be taken of their behaviour.

Pray, papa, let me have a book says Dicky; and me one, papa, says Tommy; and me one, mama, says Sally

Sally; and I'll have a book, says the little one. Ay, ay, said the father, but to what purpose? You often cry, Dicky, when you go to school, as Master Worthy did. But when I have a book, says Dick, I shall do so no more, and be as good as he. Master Worthy did not cry after this account was kept. Very true says the father, but what say you to the China-plate, Tommy and Sally? when that was broke you both hid the pieces, and suffered little Kate Thompson to be blamed for it. But indeed, papa, we will do so no more, says the children, and will keep a true account, indeed we will, and tell the whole truth; indeed we will, papa, and be as good as Master Worthy.

But pray, papa, says the eldest boy, don't the birds chuse their mates on Valentine's Day? I don't know but

they may, said the father; old Zirc-  
ZAG here tells us so.



who pretended to have a particular  
kind of horn, which, by placing to his  
ear, enabled him to understand their  
language; but you are not to believe  
such romantic stories. However, as  
there is some satire and instruction in  
his conversation of this kind, I shall

let you know what passed between him and me once on a journey. Ay do, papa, says the little ones. I should like to know what our Canary-bird says, and I what the Robin says, and I what the Hen says, when she talks to her chickens. Peace, peace, then, said he, and you shall hear.

A

L E C T U R E,

To let down the PRIDE of MAN;

O R,

An Account of what passed on a Journey with old ZIGZAG.

**B**EFORE we got a mile out of town Zigzag informed me, that he promised himself much pleasure on this journey; for, as there were many  
C + birds

40     The Valentine's Gift.

birds on the road, he had put his horn in his pocket to know what they said to each other.

The first birds we saw were two Magpies:



At whom he gazed sometime, and they at him; at last one of the birds turned to the other, and said, "Come, let us fly further, and seek better company?" and as they flew away, "I wish, says Mag, that blockhead would

## The Valentine's Gift. 41.

"would mind his own business, and  
"let our's alone." Upon which he  
told me, they had called him block-  
head for his curiosity, and that the  
Magpie was the most impertinent of  
all birds.



Soon after this, he heard a great  
chirping and chattering in a bush, and  
going up, and applying his horn, he  
found it was a parcel of Gold-finches,  
comforting a mother who had lost her  
young

42      The Valentine's Gift.

young ones. See, says one of them, how wickedly these tyrants of men breed up their children; these wicked boys have pulled down the nest, and destroyed all the little ones, even before they were fledged. See where the dear babies lie. Raise and support the poor mother, wretched creature, her heart is broke, she is dying with grief! Oh, how merciless are mankind.



Zigzag,



Zigzag, dropped a tear, and trudging forward saw a setting-dog, pointing to a Partridge, which addressed him in this manner. Are not you both a cruel and a silly creature, Mr. Dog, to seek a life which has done no harm, and which can do you no service? When I am taken, what will you be the better for it? Your master is himself too fond of a delicious morsel, to give you any portion of my body when dressed; and as you know and felt (for I saw him whip you unmercifully) that he is a tyrant to us all, why should you be solicitous in promoting his dominion? Is there among all the creatures, one so savage as man, or so foolish and absurd in his actions? Among the inhuman race, one creature indeed will destroy another; but they don't destroy their own species. Yet man, more savage  
man.

man, has no mercy on his own race, but brings an hundred thousand from one part of a country, to destroy an hundred thousand of another without any apparent necessity. Your race, Mr. Dog, are as ravenous as most, yet I never heard that the dogs of Islington went in a body to destroy the dogs at Newington; or that the mastiffs came from Wales, or from Scotland, to destroy their own species in England, or that these in England went to destroy them: yet of this piece of folly their masters have been frequently guilty. The Dog blushed, hung down his head, and said, he saw the force of the argument; but, says he, my master is so cruel, that if I don't help to murder you for his dinner, I shall not get even a piece of carrion for my own.

Going



Going a little farther, he saw a Bee, sipping the sweet nectar of an honey-suckle, and a Wasp standing by, which the Bee thus accosted:

What a lazy loon you 'are, Mr. Wasp, and how like a fop you flutter about, without endeavouring to get any thing to support you in the winter. It is not very commendable, to lounge

## 46      The Valentine's Gift.

lounge thus, and live upon the labours of others. Ah! Mr. Bee, replied the Wasp, you are not the wisest creature in the world, tho' you think so; I admire, indeed, your form of government, and the regulation in your state, and should equally applaud your industry, was you to reap the benefit of it: but that is not the case. Your property is not your own; for the thief will come in the night, that tyrant man will steal on you in the dark, and murder you, and set fire to your house, in order to rob you of your food. Under the dominion of tyrants, property is never secure; nay, it only serves to bring one the sooner to destruction, which is the reason that we labour not; and we feel the good effects of our idleness; for as we have nothing to lose, so no one destroys us for plunder. The poor may walk  
safely

safely in the night, or even sleep in the street; but the rich are obliged to keep watch, and fasten their gates and doors. This, if true, says the Bee, is poor encouragement to be industrious, and flying away to the hive, (whither Zigzag hobbled after with his horn) she told this dreadful news to the queen. Her majesty hummed for some time, and then raising herself with superior dignity, she thus replied:

This story, my dear, may be invented by the Wasp, in support of his own laziness; for every fool finds an excuse for his folly. I have heard, indeed, that men formerly have burnt the hive of our forefathers, in order to steal their victuals; but I cannot believe they were either so wicked or so foolish; because, by putting another hive over what they lived in, and a light

light underneath, they might have driven them out of their old dwelling into the new one, and (after taking the honey) by giving them a little sugar, have preserved them to toil for more honey the next year; it is not, therefore, their interest to murder us. Go again to your labour, and never believe that man can either be so wicked or so foolish, as to do what is inconsistent both with his interest and his duty. Ah, says Zigzag, madam queen, how little you know of mankind. Your scheme of preserving the lives of Bees is indeed a good one; but we have neither prudence nor humanity enough to put it in execution. Poor creatures, I pity your fate, and down fell a tear.



At this instant came by a fine Ox,  
 who looked as if he had been well fed,  
 but was in a very melancholy mood,  
 for he fixed his eyes upon the ground,  
 and did nothing but grumble as he  
 went along. Amoo, amoo, amoo,  
 moo, moo, moo, hau! says he to  
 himself, while a barbarous fellow  
 walked behind him, and kept conti-  
 nually goading him with a nail fixed

D

into

into a pole, or beating him about the hocks, with a stick, which had a knob at the end of it. This cruel treatment excited compassion in a poet, who, as he passed along, cried out,

---

*Ah! the poor Ox,  
That harmless, honest, guiltless animal,  
In what has he offended? He, whose toil,  
Patient, and ever ready, cloths the  
fields,  
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he  
bleed,  
And wrestling groan beneath the cruel  
hands  
Even of the clown he feeds?*

Mind your own business, says the surly fellow; I know what I have to do, I'll warrant ye. You have few such Oxen as this, I believe, at Parnassus. That is a truth, says Zigzag, but impertinently



# The Valentine's Gift. 51

pertinently thrown in, sirrah. Fame indeed is the only food they have in Parnassus, and that makes the inhabitants look so meagre. Even Apollo, the Lord of the manor, can shoot no partridges there. Fame is a slender diet; yet this is more than our critics will allow the poor poets; for they treat them as cruel carmen do their horses, expect more from them than they are able to perform, and then lash them for the defect. Zigzag observing that the poor Ox muttered and moaned as he went along, stepped up with his horn, to know what he said. Amoo, amoo, amoo, says the poor animal, that is, "Ay, I know what you would be at." I have ploughed your ground for you, got in your corn, carried it to market, and done all I could to make you happy, and now you are going to murder me, as

you did my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and my grandfather and grandmother. Inhuman creatures as ye are! Zigzag, a little stung with this last expression, which seemed a reproach upon his own species, bid him go along, and not be abusive; these complaints, says he, will do you no service. You must be killed, and all your generation; for you were made for the use of man. So you all say indeed, replied the Ox; but I can see no reason for it. You men are but tenants of the earth as well as we; and I don't no why one creature should not live as well as another. I have provided meat enough for you. Go, eat the corn, and the turnips and potatoes I have planted, and drink sister Ciceley's milk, and let me alone, can't ye? or, if I must die, don't let me be tortured. Take this wicked

wicked fellow from my heels, that treats me so cruelly. Nay, says Zigzag, you need not complain much of that. How many have your brothers and sisters destroyed of mine, when they have ran out of Smithfield; and pretended to be mad? That was, replied the Ox, from a just resentment of your cruelty and your crimes. They avenged themselves on you, because, after they had served you honestly and faithfully, you were so ungrateful and cruel as to torture them to death. But however highly provoked with you, I will answer for my whole race, that in their height of distraction they never hurt any other animal; so just are we in our dealings. Very true, very true, says Zigzag, and throwing down his horn; the creature's complaints, says he, are just, and his arguments unanswerable. I have observed, that in

### 34 The Valentine's Gift.

their fits of distraction they never gore a horse, a sheep, or any other animal; but their whole resentment is directed against us alone, who are their tormentors; and this convinces me, that man, proud, imperious, cruel man, is the most unjust of all animals.

Zigzag spoke this with great emotion, and was retiring from the hateful scene, when he unfortunately fell over a Mole-hill, on which was an emmet's nest. Some of the ants, provoked at the injury he had done them, stung him on the hand, which awakened his curiosity, and turning round, he cried, what creature is there.



so little as not to contend for it's life and property? He perceived, that he had made great havock among a parcel of innocent animals, who were labouring hard for the Winter. Upon this he caught up his horn, and placed it to his ear; when he was amazed at the tumult he had caused in their innocent republick, and to hear the wise orders which were given by

the ants on the occasion. Clear away that rubbish, says one, mend that bastion, repair that counterescarp, build this curtain. Oh, my poor children! says another, my children are destroyed. How wretched am I! I am undone. Lead in my poor father, says a third; oh! my mother is expiring. When Zigzag heard and saw this, he cried out with astonishment.

"How great is the power of God! How wonderful the works of creation!"

And when he perceived with what art the little creatures bit the grain, to prevent its vegetating or growing in the earth, and then bore home burthens much bigger and heavier than themselves, he cried, in the words of Solomon, "Go to the ant, thou slug-

gard, consider her ways, and be

"wise." Consider your own ways, you booby, says one of the ants, and

take

## The Valentine's Gift. 257

take Care how you tread for the future. Had you regarded your own steps, you would not have tumbled on our city, you great looby, and have destroyed so many of our inhabitants.

In a meadow just by, Zigzag observed a poor little Jack-Afs, almost starved, which an unlucky fresh-coloured boy was throwing stones at. The Afs retreated, as Ajax did from the field of battle; (and how that was, my dear friend, you will know when you come to read Homer) in short, he disputed every inch of ground with the booby that beat him, and just as Zigzag lifted up his horn, the Afs shook off the dust from his

ragged



ragged coat at the lad, and cried, you  
 are my foster brother; but are not you  
 an ungrateful puppy? When you were  
 sick; and in distress, my mother was  
 your nurse and your doctor. I gave you  
 my milk; and almost starved myself to  
 save you from destruction, and this is  
 the grateful return which you make  
 to a relation and benefactor.



The Valentine's Gift. 59

The drollery of this dispute made  
zigzag laugh; but a circumstance  
which happened afterwards gave him  
finite uneasiness;



for a Cock that had long and faith-  
fully served his master; that had for  
many years punctually coddled him up  
in the morning; that had fed him  
with good eggs and plenty of chickens  
to his bacon and greens, was set up  
by

by this very man, whom he had essentially served, to be murdered inches, the murderer paying ten pence three throws; and which, after being disabled in his body, and having both his legs broke, the inhuman master propped up with sticks, be still pelted. Yet when the conflict was over, and the poor animal dragged from the bloody field, cheerfully crowded, Ah! what dost thou crow for, says Zigzag, seeing thy condition is so miserable! I cried said the cock, because though I have suffered, I am innocent, and rejoice because I am not so ungrateful and wicked as my master.



In a meadow hard by, where there  
is plenty of good grafs, Zigzag, saw  
very poor horse running backwards  
and forwards, and at times creeping  
to the hedges, instead of filling his  
belly; upon which he took up his  
horn, and accosted him in the language  
of the Houhnhms. Dobbin, or Ball,  
whatever thy name may be, says  
why dost thou frisk about in this  
manner

63 The Valentine's Gift,

manner, seeing thy sides are lean, as  
I know that thou art hungry? Al-  
fir, quoth the poor animal, in the  
language of the Houhnhms, I should  
be glad to feed, indeed; but my w-  
master, whose pride spurs him up  
mend the work of the Almighty, he  
cut off my tail, that fence which Pro-  
vidence gave me against the flies, and  
instead of filling my belly, I am con-  
strained, though tired and hungry  
to run thus from my enemies.



In a field at some distance a team of horses were at plough, sweating and languishing under the intolerable heat of the day, while their drivers often stooped to refresh themselves with excellent cyder. 'Tis very hard, says Jolly to his brother White-foot, that we cannot get a drop of that good water yonder. Ah! so it is, replied White-foot, these blockheads never think of us! It is a sad thing to be a farmer's horse, says Diamond: if we had drawn a load waggon, or run in a stage-coach, we should have been watered twice since we have been out, even if it had cost two-pence: but these farmers have no compassion, and always imitate their father's, even in their stupidity. Zigzag, who overheard this, stepped up to the fore-horse, and asked, in the language of the Houhnhms, why he did not resent the driver's ill treatment?

So

So I would, master, quoth the horse. I was furnished with a whip and spur as he is; but condemned as I am to servitude and torture, 'tis to no purpose to kick and be rusty. The fool my master will pay for it in the end for if, while we are at work, he has generosity enough to bestow on me a little water, which would cost him nothing, we should be able to do him more business in the day, and live to serve him many years longer. But this the booby does not think of, though he sees it practised every day, by the waggoners, coachmen and others, who travel the road. Zigzag was out of patience with the driver, and immediately called out, Blunderbus, just as the bottle was up at his mouth, you wet your own whistle, firrah, but forget your poor horses. One would imagine, that when you are so thirsty

yourself

## The Valentine's Gift. 65

yourself, you would think of them. Suppose you were a horse, how would you like this treatment? Not at all, says the Ploughman, and now think on't shoot off, Tom, cried he to the boy, and take them to the water; which was done, and the whole team thanked Zigzag, in a language that nobody understood but himself.



going a little farther he saw some  
E rooks

66      The Valentine's Gift.

rooks on a tree quarrelling, as he at first thought; but when he came within hearing, it was only the old rooks talking to their young ones, whom they thus admonished. Come get up *Flapsy*, get up *Wafly*, get up *Pecksey*. fly away and seek food for yourselves; what, do you think your poor old father and mother are to feed you for ever? Dear mother, says one, I don't know how to fly; then come with me and learn, says gaffer rook. I am not strong enough to fly, papa, says another; get up and try, says gaffer rook, exercise will make you stronger. Ay, ay, bustle my boy, bustle, says the old gentleman, and learn to get your bread; nature never intended that such hulky blades as you should live in idleness. We have master rooks and madam crows who lounge about and live upon the



hours of others. Work and be strong, was a rule with your old grandfather, and he taught it me early. You may see what comes of idleness by looking at the great house here, where they are always ill of the gout, or the head-ach, or some tantrum or other. They are ill because they will not work and be well: but the people at the farmhouse, who get up early and work hard, have no gout or head-achs but what they whistle off in the fields. Come boys, bustle! bustle! You have wings to fly, a bill to peck, and claws to scratch; as well as your poor mother and me: fly, scratch, and peck, my boys, and get your bread, there's good children. So out he sent them, but left the nest for them to return to, in case of an accident; for it is a law with the rooks, never to leave their young, till they can get their food,

## 68      The Valentine's Gift.

and then they never suffer them to be idle.

The next object which presented itself among the birds was a poor turtle-dove, whose mate had just been shot by a very naughty boy, or a very wicked man; for surely it must be wicked to destroy those innocent animals, who take nothing from us for their support, and yet entertain us with their company, and with the best melody they can make. It is impossible to describe the distress of the poor little creature that remained. She was fugitive and alone, and the dying cooes of her beloved mate dwelt for ever on her ears; at last in sadness she sung the following dirge, and died on the spot, where her dear companion and partner in life had made his exit.

The TURTLE'S DIRGE for the Loss  
of her mate. Translated from the  
Ærial Language. By M<sup>y</sup> \*\*.



How cruel is man,  
How deceitful his art ;  
To rob a poor bird,  
Of the half of her heart !  
*To rob a poor bird, &c. &c.*

Ah! he is no more,  
Who liv'd with me on high!  
He's slain, he is gone,  
And I follow, I die.

*He's slain, he is gone, &c.*

Having warbled out these sentiments in the most melancholy notes imaginable; she dropt from the spray and expired.

We are told, that the frequent complaints which animals made of the cruelty of mankind, put old Zigzag so out of humour with his own species that he burnt his horn in order to hear no more of the matter; others say, that he gave it to Mr. Newbery, who daily employs it in writing the conversation of birds, beasts, and other animals; but how true this is, time only can determine.

## The Valentine's Gift. 71

It is certain that all animals are susceptible of pain and pleasure as well as we; and capable of expressing those sensations to us, tho' they cannot communicate others; which is a kind of proof, that providence provided them with those notes, and enabled us to understand them, that they might cry to us for help, and that we might hear and relieve them. The notes of a bird singing for joy, or screaming when in danger, or in pain, are amazingly different, and are by us easily understood; but we know nothing of those whispers, cooings, and agreements they make about building their nests, breeding up their families, and migrating in flocks from one country to another. Yet it is certain, that they talk together in a language, which both they and their young perfectly understand, otherwise how could

the swallows, martins, woodcocks and other birds, agree to meet together, and make excursions in the air from time to time, to try the strength of their young, and then depart into a foreign climate, when they find them bold of wing and fit for flight?

These things are unknown to us; but this we know, that they are our fellow-tenants of the globe; and that we ought to be kind to those that are innocent, and do not mean to hurt us; and if we kill such as are noxious and endanger our safety, we are to do it without torture: "The merciful man, saith Solomon, is merciful to his beast;" but the wise and benevolent man is an admirer of all the works of creation, and endeavours to promote the happiness of every living creature.

Go,

The Valentine's Gift. 73

Go, my dear children, be merciful to your fellow creatures, and to all animals, that God, the Maker of all, may be merciful to you.

A Remarkable CURE effected by the VALENTINE'S LEDGER, mentioned in the preceding part of this Volume.

THERE was in the land of *Lillo*, one Mr. Brown, a merchant, who had a daughter that was very pretty, but the naughtiest little girl that ever was known; for she was every day doing mischief, and always laid her faults upon others. Indeed, she so often told lies, that nobody would believe a word she said, and I am sure I cannot give her a worse character; for, as King Solomon observes,  
“The

“The lying lips who can bear.” But in justice to Sally (for that was her name) I must own, that she was not altogether in fault; for her mother was a very passionate woman, and would often beat her severely for the least trifle; which when the servants observed, they persuaded her to deny her faults, and theirs also when she saw them guilty of any. Don’t you tell your mama that I broke this plate, Miss Sally, and I’ll give you this apple, says one. You must never tell tales, says another. Ay, my dear, says a third, if your mama asks you, who did any thing that is naughty, you must always deny it, and say you don’t know? What, not if mama bids me tell the truth? says the child. No, not at all, answered the other; you must never own that you did any thing that was naughty;

or



## The Valentine's Gift. 75

or that we did ; for if you do your  
mama will beat you, and all of us.  
Thus they brought up the poor child  
in such a habit of telling lies, that  
though she was often detected, and  
beat for it, yet she would not give  
it over, and was at last grown so bad,  
that her father and mother no longer  
loved her ; she was therefore driven  
by their displeasure into the kitchen,  
where she was an unwelcome guest ;  
for whenever she had committed a  
fault, she laid it upon some of the  
servants, and that made them also  
hate her ; so that having nobody to  
take any notice of her, she crept about  
the house like a little stranger. The  
only diversion she had was playing  
with a little dog, and a parrot, which  
the servant had formerly taught these  
verses :

*The*

*The best and prettiest girl in town,  
Is little lovely Sally Brown.*

Mr. Brown, one day over hearing this, called out in an angry manner, Who is that tells lies there; The servant answered, it was the parrot. Then send him away, says Mr. Brown, or cut his head off; for I will keep nothing in my house that shall tell lies. Little Sally was in great pain for fear she should lose her parrot, and did all in her power to prevent it; but her father was determined, and sent away poor Poll. Upon which she went into the garden crying, without any one regarding her, except the little dog Pompey, who pitied her, and licked her hands and face, as you may see.

At



At last sitting down under a cypress tree, in one corner of the garden, she thus bemoaned herself: Oh dear! I wish I could lay down and die as Jenny Thompson did; for I am very unhappy, papa don't love me, mama beats me, Susan and Molly and Richard, and all of them hate me; mama, won't let me come into the parlour,

parlour, and the servants thrust me out of the kitchen. They made me tell fibs, and now they hate me for it; and when I tell the truth, none of them will believe me. No-body loves me, but Pompey and the parrot, and now papa has sent away poor Poll, and I shall never see her again. Ah! I wish I could die as Jenny Thompson did!

Mrs. Jewson, who came the day before on a visit, had seen little Sally flink about, and asked whose little creep mouse girl she was? To which Mrs. Brown answered, that she was a good for nothing hussy, and desired she would take no notice of her, which she did not then; but being in the garden,

and



and overhearing her make this moan, she went up to her, and asked, whose child she was? Upon this, Sally wiped her face with the corner of her apron, and attempted to run away; but Mrs. Jewson laid hold of her hand, and said, she would know whose little girl she was, and what was the matter. Whose child are you, says she? Papa's, answered the girl; and who

who is your papa, says Mrs. Jewson? Mr. Brown, returned the child. And why do you cry, says the lady? Because papa has sent away my parrot, and nobody loves me, said the child. But how happens it that nobody loves you? I am afraid you have been naughty. Come, tell me, what you have done, says Mrs. Jewson. I have told fibs, answered the child. Oh, my dear, if that is the case, it is no wonder that the people don't love you, says the lady; for it is very wicked to tell lies. But I don't tell fibs now, returned the child. I used to do so, indeed, but our people taught me, and now they hate me for it, and it is all one whether I tell fibs or not, for when I tell truth nobody believes me. That shews you, my dear, the folly as well as wickedness of lying, says

The Valentine's Gift. 81

says the lady ; for G o d Almighty, who is the God of truth, cannot bear a liar, and therefore he has so ordered it, that lying carries in some measure its own punishment with it. Every one abhors a liar, and nobody believes him when he speaks truth, so that the tongue with which he used to deceive others, becomes in a manner useless to himself. Consider, my dear, what a sad thing it is to tell lies. Suppose any little girl was to say, that the cloaths you have on were not your own, and another little girl was to say they were her's, the people would take the cloaths of your back, and give them to her, and you would be naked : or suppose, when you are going to dinner, that the servants should say you have dined ; and again before supper-time, that you had supped ; and so on for several days ; your  
F father,

father, not knowing that they told fibs might believe them, and would not believe you who have been used to tell fibs, and you might be starved. In short, all the naughty things that are done in the parish might be laid upon you, if the people were so wicked as to tell lies, and you might be punished for all of them, though you know nothing of the matter.

It is very bad to tell fibs even in jest; for those who do so will not be believed when they speak in earnest.

I remember there was at Mrs. Dingle's school a little girl who was very wanton, and often told fibs to make her playmates laugh. And as for William Smith, who lived at the next door, had a wolf, that had been loose, killed the poultry, and bit two or three people; she used to go into the garden, and cry out, The wolf again.



the wolf! oh, the wolf will eat me up! This she did to make the servants run to her relief, and when they came out with sticks to beat the wolf, she refused to laugh to see how they scampered, as she called it. However, unhappily for her, poor girl, the wolf one day really got over the wall when she was alone in the garden, and she, frightened out of her wits, cried out, Oh the wolf! the wolf! but as she had deceived them so often before, they did not believe her; so nobody went to her relief, and the ugly creature eat her up. Poor Mrs. Dilling refused to cry, and say, she believed as God Almighty permitted the wolf to devour this little girl because she told lies.

This was a sad thing, madam, says the child, and I never will tell fibs again; but if I always speak truth,

84      The Valentine's Gift.

they will not believe me any more than they did this little girl. That is true, my dear, says Mrs. Jewson, but I will believe you, and if you'll promise to be a good girl you shall go home with me. Thank you, madam, says Sally, and dropt a fine curtsy. Upon which the lady took her by the hand, and leading her into the parlour here, Mr. Brown, says she, I have found a little duckling girl in the garden, which you shall make me a present of. Ay, ay, says he, in an angry tone, it is no matter who has her. Mrs. Brown also consented, and looked cross, but no matter for that we shall see her in better humour by and by.

As soon as they came home, Mrs. Jewson put into Sally's hands one of the Ledgers we have mentioned, and taught



taught her both the use of it and to write, that she might keep a fair and just account; which she did, and behaved herself so well, that not only the family, but all the neighbours were very fond of her; and nobody more so than Lady Lovelace, who lived in the next village, and often invited her to play with her cousins.

Now it happened, that in the Christmas holidays, Lady Lovelace had a great deal of company; who,

## 86 The Valentine's Gift.

after supper, were to dance in the saloon, where there was a great chandelier, or large glass candlestick, which hung from the cieling, and held thirty candles. After dinner our young gentry got into this room, and in throwing apples to one another broke this fine chandelier, and then running out of the room, they shut the door close, that no-body might know who did it. This scheme was proposed by the rest, and Sally seemingly contented, but she could not avoid putting it down in the Ledger. Lady Lovelace was very angry when she found this fine candlestick was broke. She called in all the servants, who knew nothing of the matter. She then examined the children before the company, among whom was Sally's father, but they all, except Sally, said, they knew nothing of it; but when

it came to her turn to be examined, who was the last, she held down her head, and cried. Upon which Mrs. Jewson called out, Sally, bring me the Ledger; and turning to the company, this book, says she, is an index to my pupil's head and heart, and I am sure we shall find the truth here; for she is above telling a lie, or concealing her faults, that they may be laid upon others who are innocent; and opening the book, she read this entry which Miss Sally had just made, "I helped to break Lady Lovelace's fine candlestick." You helped to break it, says Lady Lovelace, then you did not break it yourself? No, madam, but I was in company, answered the little one, and it was broke by our tossing an apple to and fro. If I had known that at first, said the lady, I should not have been angry;

88      The Valentine's Gift.

but how could these other children tell me such a falsity? I cannot bear a liar. Mr. Brown (who had not seen his daughter for three years, in which time she was so much altered, that he did not know her) said, she was a dear little girl, and he loved her for telling the truth. Upon this Mrs. Jewson, with some vehemence, cried out, I believe you don't know this young lady, Sir? No, upon my honour, madam, answered Mr. Brown. Then, Sir, said she, I have the pleasure to tell you, that this young lady, who has never told me an untruth, or done any thing to disoblige me in the course of three years, is the little neglected, creep mouse girl I found in your garden! What, my child! says Mr. Brown, catching her up in his arms, and is this good girl my child! says he, kissing her: What did

did the glass cost, Lady Lovelace? Twenty pounds, answered the lady. There, take the money, says he, throwing a handful on the table, I would not have my child tell a lie for a thousand. No, Sir, said her ladyship, I shall receive no Money, Miss Sally has made me sufficient satisfaction by owning the fault, and speaking truth. She shall be always welcome to me, Sir, and to all the good things that I have, but as for the other children who told me a lie, I desire they may never come to my house again. She then gave Miss Sally an handful of sweetmeats, and a little gold watch; and her father kissed her a thousand times, and begged of Mrs. Jewson to let her go home with him. Mrs. Jewson consented that she should go home, and see her mama; but said, she must come back to her again; for

for she was now grown so good, and so sweet a companion, that she could not be happy without her.

How happy it was that Mrs. Jewson saw this little girl, and gave her the Ledger; for by her good advice, and the use of that book, she soon left off all her naughty tricks, and learned to love the truth. In short, she was so good that every body admired her, and she soon became the finest lady in the whole country, and rode in a coach-and-six; but as for the companions she had at Lady Lovelace's, no body took any notice of them; for they continued to tell fibs, and were neglected and despised by all their acquaintance. So true is that proverb which says,

*He that forsaketh the truth offendeth his GOD, and evil shall fall upon him.*



The Valentine's Gift. 91

The words of the Wifest Man: Or,  
lessons from king SOLOMON.



**W**HEN king David was near his end, he called his son Solomon to him, and gave him the following advice, which was of greater value to him than the crown he was to inherit.

*And thou Solomon, my son, said he,  
know thou the GOD of thy father, and  
serve*

92      The Valentine's Gift.

*serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind; for the LORD seareth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek him, he will be found of thee, but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.*

And Solomon listened to the advice of his father, and served the LORD his God. And he prayed for Wisdom, and the LORD gave him knowledge in so great a degree, that he became the wisest man in the world. And he wrote many Lessons to make those wise who came after him: some of which we shall here give you.

LESSON I.

Of WISDOM,

Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto Wisdom,

The

The Valentine's Gift. 93

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise Wisdom and instruction.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace to thy head, and jewels about thy neck.

Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandize of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left-hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

When Wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge into thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, and understanding shall keep thee.

Wisdom

94 The Valentine's Gift.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get Wisdom, and with all thy gettings, get understanding.

Take hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life.

Poverty and shame, shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.

The way of the fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise. It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than the song of fools.

Hear counsel, and receive Instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.

Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away; yea, she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that seek her in making herself first known unto them, Whoso watcheth  
for

The Valentine's Gift. 95

for her shall quickly be without Care.

I loved Wisdom above health and beauty, and chuse to have her instead of light, for the light that cometh from her never goeth out.

LESSON II.

Of our DUTY to God, and dependance on his protection.

Remember thy Creator, now in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether

96      The Valentine's Gift.

whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee, bind them about thy neck, and write them upon the table of thine heart ; so shalt thou find favour in the sight of God and man.

The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

My son, despise not the chastening of the LORD, neither be weary of his correction; for whom the LORD loveth, he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

The eyes of the LORD are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

The LORD will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish, but he casteth away the substance of the wicked.

The Valentine's Gift. 97

In the house of the righteous is much treasure, but in the revenues of the wicked there is trouble.

Better is little with the fear of the LORD, than great treasure with trouble.

When a man's ways please the LORD, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.

Ye that fear the LORD, hope for good, and for everlasting joy and mercy.

Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in the LORD, and was confounded? Or did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken? Or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him?

For the LORD is full of compassion

G

and

and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction.

Woe be to fearful hearts, and faint hands, and the sinner that goeth two ways.

They that fear the LORD, will prepare their hearts, and humble their souls in his sight.

Saying, we will fall into the hands of the LORD, and not into the hands of men: for as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

### LESSON III.

Of the VANITY of human grandeur and pleasures.

I said in mine heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold this also is vanity.

I made



The Valentine's Gift. 99

I made me great works, I builded  
me houses, I planted me vineyards.

I made me gardens and orchards,  
and I planted trees in them of all  
kinds of fruits.

I made me pools of water, to water  
therewith the wood that bringeth  
forth trees.

I got me servants, and maidens,  
and had servants born in my house;  
and I had great possessions of great  
and small cattle, above all that were  
in Jerusalem before me.

I gathered me also silver and gold,  
and the peculiar treasure of kings,  
and of the provinces: I got me men  
singers and women, and the delights  
of the sons of men, as musical instru-  
ments, and that of all sorts.

So I was great, increased more than  
all that were before me in Jerusalem,  
also my Wisdom remained with me.

And whatsoever mine eyes desired  
I kept not from them, I withheld not  
my heart from any joy: for my heart  
rejoiced in all my labour, and this  
was my portion of all my labour.

Then I looked on all the works that  
my hands had wrought, and on the  
labour that I had laboured to do: and  
behold all was vanity and vexation of  
spirit, and there was no profit under  
the sun.

Then I turned myself to behold  
wisdom, and madness, and folly.

And I saw that wisdom excelleth  
folly, as far as light excelleth dark-  
ness.

Great men, and judges, and poten-  
tates shall be honoured, yet is there  
none of them greater than he that  
feareth the LORD.

LESSON IV.

Of PARENTS and CHILDREN.

A wise son maketh a glad father,  
but a foolish man despiseth his mother.

Childrens children are the crown  
of old men, and the glory of children  
are their parents.

The just man walketh in his integrity,  
and his children are blessed  
after him.

Train up a child in the way he  
should go, and when he is old he will  
not depart from it.

The eye that mocketh at his father,  
and despiseth to obey his mother, the  
ravens of the valley shall pick it out,  
and the young eagles shall eat it.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy  
youth, and let thy heart cheer thee  
in the days of thy youth, and walk in  
the

the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity.

The LORD hath given the father honour over the children, and hath confirmed the authority of the mother over the sons.

Whoso honoureth his father, maketh an atonement for his sins.

And he that honoureth his mother, is one that layeth up treasure.

Whoso honoureth his father, shall have joy of his own children, and when he maketh his prayer, he shall be heard.

He that feareth the LORD will honour

The Valentine's Gift. 103

nour his father, and will do service unto his parents, as to his masters.

My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth.

And if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength.

For the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten. In the day of thine afflictions it shall be remembered, thy sins also shall melt away, as the ice in the fair warm weather.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother.

Remember that thou wast begot of them, and how canst thou recompence them the things that they have done for thee.

## LESSON V.

## Of PRUDENCE,

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the LORD she shall be praised.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it, but he that hateth suretyship is sure.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

A talebearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit conceal-eth the matter.

Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones.

Better

The Valentine's Gift. 105

Better is a dry morsel with quietness, than a house full of good cheer with strife.

Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise, and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.

Whoso keepeth his mouth, and his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go; lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul.

My son fear thou the LORD, and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold, in pictures of silver.

Boast

106      The Valentine's Gift.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth, a stranger, and not thine own lips.

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.

Faithful are the words of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth.

Be swift to hear, and let thy life be sincere, and with patience give answer.

If thou hast understanding, answer thy



The Valentine's Gift. 107

thy neighbour ; if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth.

Be not called a whisperer, and lie not in wait with thy tongue ; for a foul shame is upon the thief, and an evil condemnation upon the double tongue.

Instead of a friend become not an enemy, for thereby thou shalt inherit an ill name, shame and reproach : even so shall a sinner that hath a double tongue.

Sweet language will multiply friends : and a fair speaking tongue will encrease kind greetings.

A faithful friend is a strong defence ; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and they that fear the Lord shall find him.

Whatsoever thou takest in hand,  
remember

108      The Valentine's Gift.

remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss.

Forfake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable with him; a new friend is as new wine, when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A man of an ill tongue is dangerous in his city, and he that is rash in his talk shall be hated.

Bear not hatred to thy neighbour for every wrong, and do nothing at all by injurious practices.

LESSON VI.  
Of CONTENTION and QUARRELLING.

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with.

It

## The Valentine's Gift. 109

It is an honour for a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling.

If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty give him drink; for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the LORD shall reward thee.

He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife, that belongeth not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.

## LESSON VII.

### Of CHARITY and the POOR.

Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.

He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the LORD; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.

The

110 The Valentine's Gift.

The poor useth intreaties, but the rich answereth roughly.

The poor his hated even by his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!

Who so mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways though he be rich.

Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the excuse of the poor and needy.

There was a little city; and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it.

Now there was found in it a poor wife

The Valentine's Gift. 111

wife man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Then said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

Laugh no man to scorn in the bitterness of his soul, for there is one which humbleth and exalteth.

Be not faint hearted when thou makest thy prayer, and neglect not to give alms.

The poor man is honoured for his skill, and the rich man is honoured for his riches.

He that is honoured in poverty how much more in riches: And he that is dishonourable in riches, how much more in poverty?

LES-

## LESSON VIII.

## Of LYING.

Lying Lips are an abomination to the LORD, but they that deal truly are his delight.

A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.

Two things have I required of thee, O LORD, deny me them not before I die.

Remove far from me vanity and lies, give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.

Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, who is the LORD? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.

L E S

# The Valentine's Gift.

## LESSON IX.

### Of IDLENESS.

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof.

So shall thy poverty come, as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep.

H

The

## The Valentine's Gift.

¶ Suggard will not ploug  
of the cold, therefore  
harvest and have nothin  
thou diligent  
he shall be before k  
not st before mean men.

### MONEY and CUSTARD.

#### A FABLE in a new Taste.



There was in some country belong  
ing to the Greeks or Romans, a



## The Valentine's Gift.

115

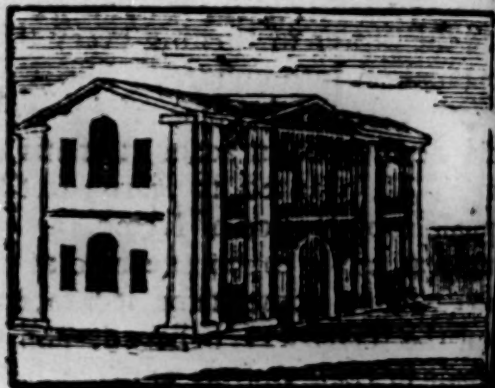
man named Midas, who had the art of turning every thing he touched into gold: there was also in the same place another man called Nemo, who had the power of turning every thing he touched into custard. Midas was greatly carested because of his riches and honoured on account of his art, which all wanted to learn; but few people took Notice of Nemo, as custard was not so much esteemed as money. After some time it happened that the city was besieged, and the people in their distress applied to Midas, to make Gold to bribe the enemy's soldiers for food, which proved ineffectual; for their enemies, who were Spartans, and used no money but what was made of iron, refused his gold, and would give them no provision: so that the people were reduced to the last extremity, and about

H 2

giving

116    The Valentine's Gift.

giving up the city ; when Nemo took  
his wand, touched the large town  
hall, and turned it into a custard, and



a notable custard it was, for it fed  
the people for six months ; during  
which time their enemies were  
disheartened, that, despairing of suc-  
cess, they raised the siege and fled.  
This established the reputation of  
Nemo, who thus addressed the people,  
Brethren

## The Valentine's Gift.

117

Brethren, had you been as fond of  
virtue as you are of riches, you would  
have observed your treaties, have kept  
your faith, and this evil had not hap-  
pened unto you; but you preferred  
gold to honesty, and basted your  
integrity for baubles. What is gold,  
that you should be thus charmed with  
it? Will it procure long life; No.  
Will it procure health? No; these  
are to be had only from temperance  
and exercise. Will it procure peace?  
No; that is to be had only from a  
good conscience. Will it procure  
happiness? No; that is to be had on-  
ly from contentment of mind. Will  
it procure friends? No; but flatterers  
may. Will it procure food? Some-  
times it will, and sometimes not, as  
appears in the case before us. Learn  
therefore to esteem gold for its use-  
fulness, and not set it up as an idol to

H 3

be

be worshipped. Banish this Midas, this gold-maker, from your city; and instead of learning his art, seek for a man of piety and virtue, one who will teach you to honour and adore the Almighty, to be honest and just in your dealings, to be industrious, temperate, and merciful. In short, choose one who will teach you to love God, to love your neighbours, to love yourselves, and you will be happy.

Upon this Midas was banished the common-wealth. When he left the city, he desired Nemo would go with him a day's journey in the wilderness, which he did. As soon as they came into the desert, Midas striking a mountain, turned it to gold, and would have given it for leave to return; which so exasperated Nemo, that he gave him a box of the ear; which turned him into a custard, and

was devoured by the beasts and birds; since which time no one has been able to make gold, notwithstanding the boasted pretensions of the Alchemists. After this, a wise man was chosen to reign in the city, and the people grew pious and virtuous, and in consequence thereof exceedingly happy.

A Morning PRAYER for a CHILD.

**O**H! Almighty God, maker of all things in heaven and earth; the darkness goeth away, and the light cometh at thy command: thou art good, and thou dost good continually: I thank thee, Oh God! for preserving me from the dangers of the night, and for bringing me safe to the beginning of this day. Save me, O Lord, from all evil; and let

120 The Valentine's Gift.

me love thee, and serve thee for ever,  
through JESUS CHRIST, our Lord.  
*Amen.*

An Evening PRAYER for a CHILD.

**O** LORD GOD, who knowest all things, and seest me by night as well as by day. I pray thee, for CHRIST's sake, forgive me whatsoever I have done amiss this day, and guard me from the dangers of the night. Let me lie down under thy care, oh LORD! and abide for ever under thy blessing; for thou art the GOD of all power and everlasting mercy. *Amen.*

A PRAYER

A PRAYER on coming into Church.

*The Word CHURCH signifies the  
LORD's House.*

**L**ORD, I know not how to pray  
as I ought: O, let thy Spirit help  
my weakness and infirmities! Com-  
pose me into a heavenly temper of  
mind: lift up my heart, quicken my  
desires, and increase my faith, that I  
may offer up my prayers with zeal and  
devotion, so that they may be a spi-  
ritual sacrifice, pleasing, and accept-  
able to thee, through JESUS CHRIST  
our Lord. *Amen.*

*After CHURCH.*

**G**LORY be to thee, O LORD! for  
the opportunity I have had this  
day of coming into thy house: re-  
ceive

122 The Valentine's Gift.

ceive my prayers and thanksgivings :  
make me, O LORD, a doer of thy  
word, not a hearer only ; lest I de-  
ceive my own soul.

A GRACE before Meat.

**B**LESS, O LORD, these thy crea-  
tures to the nourishment of our  
bodies, and feed our souls with thy  
heavenly grace unto eternal life, for  
JESUS CHRIST his sake. *Amen.*

A GRACE after Meat.

**G**OD's holy name be blessed and  
praised, for these, and all other  
his mercies, through CHRIST our  
Lord. *Amen.*

The E N D.





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